

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 6, NO. 34.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 628.

## Poetical.

### The Hammer.

In our travels through the town,  
Where the forges' flames are blown,  
By the humming fan that rattles in its drum,  
Where electric falls on wedges  
Of the metal that it swags  
To the shape of all the labor-saving ham—  
—We have watched the falling hammer,  
In its clanging, banging clamor,  
As it rolled the measured thunder with a ring—  
And the ringing, ringing, ringing  
Always sets our head to stinging  
Something like the song the hammers seem to sing.

Like the ringing of the bells,  
When the wedding chiming swells  
Through the merry marriage-morning to the pair—  
So the clang and bang and rattle  
Of the hammers in the battle,  
Fall, like music, on the dull and quiet air.

"In the battle?" "Aye! The battle!  
For it is no idle prattle  
That we sing. 'Tis the battle against War,  
With his ogres grim and gaunt—  
And his supporters foul and scant—  
'Tis the battle of the '60s 'gainst the '60s'.

'Tis the wedding chime of Wealth  
When she weds herself to health  
And marries awfully labor in the shop—  
May the Union never cease,  
And the children live in peace,  
And the wedding chime of hammers never stop.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Story with a Moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkably money making men, whose unintermitted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven long years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Asa-pin bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters, as they fell over the dam; and was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water; and at last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody, but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along."

"That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out, and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. And it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money, it passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing; and no practical goal is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back, without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have occasion to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"—Gazette.

### An Honest Democrat.

"When General Jackson was President of the United States," said an aged laborer in the Presidential garden a few years since, "he could tell an honest man from a rogue when he first saw him. I remember that a clergyman with a stiff white collar and an untarnished suit of black, called upon me one morning when I was working in the garden, and requested an appointment to some office, saying, 'General, I worked harder for your election than many of those upon whom you have already bestowed office.' 'You are a minister of the Gospel!' said Old Hickory, inquiringly. 'Yes,' said the clergyman, 'I was a minister, but I thought I could do better by becoming a politician. So I stumped the district week days for you and preached for the Lord Sundays.' Old Hickory, turning short toward him, and looking him full in the face, said, 'By the Eternal, if you would cheat the Lord you would cheat the country. I will have nothing to do with you, nor with any like you. Good morning,' and he walked rapidly away. I never shall forget the looks of that hypocritical clergyman. Had the last judgment been set, and he before the great white throne, I doubt if he would have looked more black and chop-fallen."

A SEXTON'S PUN.—"That was a severe coughing fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass to gether.

"Oh, 'tis nothing only a little else went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah, that's just like you," said the sexton "you always lay coffin on the bier."

"Ah," said an Englishman the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map; it grows so fast that the surveyors can't keep up with it."

## The Cabin Boy.

When I was about forty years of age, I took command of the ship *Peterhelm*. She was an old crab, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust another valuable cargo in her, so I wouldn't refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice above water, it having nearly all melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry and gave the lookout a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the iceberg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from a widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent fellow. I soon made myself believe that he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I made up my mind he had never been properly governed, and resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I had done with him. In reply he told me I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen-top-gallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he had got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen-mast from absolute weakness, and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything he would be off like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was near noon, I spoke to him and told him to go below and bring up my quadrant. He was looking over the quarter rail, and I knew he did not hear me, and the next time I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he didn't move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear ye," said he with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I s'pose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly toward the companion way.

His loose words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, freed me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of the rope, and beat him until my arm fairly ached; but he never even winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life you'd better flog out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and then I sent one of the men for my quadrant. When it came and I had adjusted it for my observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and I swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. "But I will do it," I said to myself, "by the Heavens above, I'll sterve him into it, or he shall die in the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch and went down. At ten o'clock I called again, and again I got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, but not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again till morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called out to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him—I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply—and yet the same men told me they heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. "He'll beg before he'll sterve," I thought, and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed that he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused. I threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours, and all of forty without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died

there from absolute starvation, it might go hard with me. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to that point I crawled on my hands and knees; I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open on account of a break in the flooring of the hold which would have let everything that might have been stowed there rest directly upon the planking of the ship.

To this place I then made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

"Jack, are you there?"

And he answered in a faint, weary tone: "Yes, help me! For Heaven's sake, help me! Bring me a lantern and a lantern—the ship has sprung a leak!"

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone: "Make haste—I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worn-out to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken and would burst in, any moment the boy should leave it, whose feet were braced against the cask before him. Half a dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin.

I saw that the plank must burst in, the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it before I lifted him up. Other men were called down, with planks, and spikes, and screws, and with much care and trouble we finally succeeded in stopping the leak, and averting the danger. The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would have let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long ere we could have discovered it, and would have sunk in a short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold, he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead light, he looked about for a snug place to lie, for his limbs were sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a hole; he went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and he was sure he saw a small jet of water springing up from the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few minutes found that the timbers had given away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand on the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was pressing it inward. He had sense enough to see that it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, perhaps all hands perish. And he saw too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place, he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help; but he was so far away, so low down, and with such a dense cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat with his feet braced, for four and twenty hours, with the water spurting in tiny streams all over him, drenching him to the skin. He thought several times of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His strength was failing him—his limbs were racked with pain—but he could not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he could not while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself—he was ready to die—but he would save the rest if he could—and he saved us, surely saved us all from a wotery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him nearly all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. With his arms around my neck he told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause for offence; and he added as he sat up again: "I am not a coward—I couldn't be a dog."

From that hour I never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel they are men—that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license, but make my crew feel that they have a friend and a superior in the same person. For nine years I sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man couldn't be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of the foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me, he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best this country affords. Such is my experience in government and discipline on ship-board.

## George Washington.

BY JOHN PHOENIX.

George Washington was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution.

He was born of poor but honest parents, at Genoa, in the year 1732. His mother was called the mother of Washington. He married, early in life, a single widow lady, Mrs. Martha Custis, whom Prescott describes as the exquisitest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line. Young Washington commenced business as a county surveyor, and was present in that character in a sham fight under General Padlock, where so many guns were fired that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and sat down to supper unable to hear a word that was said. This supper was afterwards alluded to as Braddock's last feast, and the simile, "dead as Braddock," and subsequently vulgarized "dead as a haddock," had its rise in that circumstance. Washington commanded several troops during the Revolutionary War, and distinguished himself by crossing the Delaware river on ice of very inadequate thickness, to visit a family of Hessians of his acquaintance. He was passionately fond of green peas and string beans; and his favorite motto was: "In time of peas prepare for war."

Washington's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named Marcus Dece, who from his constant habits of reitillity, was nicknamed 'luggy yet.' His greatest victory was achieved at Germantown, where coming upon the British in the night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of rotten bales, from which he opened a destructive and terrific fire, which soon caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton balls, being perforated with market balls, were much increased in weight and consequently in value, and the expression playfully used, "What is the price of cotton?" was much in vogue after the battle.

During the action, Washington might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a hobnail gray horse. His celebrated despatch, "Veni, Vidi, Vici," or I came and saw and in a Concord wagon, has reference to this circumstance.

Washington has been called the "Father of his Country;" (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. McCluskey, parent of the celebrated pugilist); the child has grown, however, to that extent, its own father would not know it. Gen. Walker (William Walker) is also "Father of Niagara," and we have no doubt, in case of his demise, his children, the native Niagarans, would erect a suitable monument over his remains with the inscription: "Go father and faze worse."

Washington was a member of the know nothing order, and directed that none but Americans should be put on guard, which greatly annoyed the Americans, their duty being entirely destroyed by perpetual turns of guard duty.

He was twice elected President of the United States by the combined whig and know nothing parties, the federalists and abolitionists voting against him, and served out his time with great credit to himself and the country—drawing his salary with a regularity and precision worthy all commendation.

Although, for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington is something perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steamboat; never saw a railroad, or locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the principle of the magnetic telegraph; never had a dagger, or pistol, Sharp's rifle, or used a friction match.

He ate his meals with an iron fork, never used postage stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform for illumination. Such a man as this could hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although, it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general.

Washington died from exposure on the summit of Mount Vernon, in the year 1799, leaving behind him a name that will endure forever if posterity persist in calling their children after him to the same extent that has been fashionable.

He is mentioned in history as having been "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" in other words he was No. 1 in everything, and it was equally his interest and his pleasure to look out for that number, and he took precious good care to do so.

A portrait, by Gilbert Stuart, of this great soldier and statesman may be seen, very badly engraved, in the "History of the United States," but as it was taken when the General was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek is distended out of proportion, and the likeness rendered very unsatisfactory.

Upon the whole, Gen. George Washington was a very excellent man; though unfamiliar with "Scott's Infantry Tactics," he was a tolerable officer, though he married a widow, he was a fond husband, and though he did not know the Beecher family, he was a sincere Christian.

A monument has been commenced in the

city of Washington to his memory, which is to be five hundred feet in height; and it should be the wish of every true-hearted American that his virtues and his services may not be forgotten before it is completed; in which case their remembrance will endure forever.

\*John Phoenix—one of the best humorists of this country—is a lieutenant in the U. S. Army. This burlesque biography of Washington is a hit at the mis-taker made by many writers in quoting important events from history. It would be difficult to crowd more humor into so small a space.

## How Sandusky Was Saved from Famine—An Historical Reminiscence.

One of the most agreeable duties of journalism is to chronicle the heroic deeds of those whom chance or unusual natural development have rendered benefactors to the human race. It is a part of our legitimate province to rescue the fame of such individuals from oblivion, and by enacting the part of a historian, to hand their names, and the record of their achievements down to the admiration and gratitude of future generations. The village philanthropists, or the benefactor of a local community is as much a part of the history of his time as the heroes of a State, or as the sacred geese whose gabbling at the rock Tarpeia saved Rome from the horrors of a sack. Our duty in the present instance is to relate a similar occurrence, which transpired much nearer home.

Years ago, when the course of trade ran in a counter direction to what we now behold, owing to a severe drought the city of Sandusky underwent all the horrors of a protracted famine. The water on the bar at the mouth of the Bay was so low that vessels were unable to reach the port, and as there was no land transportation at that time which could be relied upon in case of sudden emergency, it appeared as if Providence had forsaken the place entirely, and that its inhabitants must perish. For days and weeks their stock of provisions had been gradually disappearing until soon all was gone, and their only reliance was upon the few fish they were enabled to obtain from the waters of the Bay, and an occasional meagre supply of game from the neighboring woods.

At the time of which we write, the woods in the vicinity, and in fact throughout the Western Reserve, were frequented by vast numbers of wild hogs, which obtained a bountiful subsistence and grew fat upon the shock which everywhere abounded. The hogs were doubtless a prey, but the sparseness of the population in the interior and the rapidity with which they multiplied, rendered them strangers to man and very shy of his presence. During the drought, of which mention has already been made, large droves of these animals wandered their way to the lake, in the neighborhood of which they continued to remain. Sandusky Bay, in particular was a favorite resort for them, in the waters of which they were accustomed to wallow, after slaking their thirst. Those who are acquainted with the locality of which we speak, will remember the annoyance of which the earlier settlers were exposed in the shape of fine red sand which covered the beach, and which in high winds was not only exceedingly troublesome but dangerous. Thousands of logs, in consequence of frequenting this spot, became totally blind; but still, with all the cunning which belongs to this perverse race in their natural state, they continued to elude the hunters.

One day when the famine in the city was at its height, and when it was apparent that even the strongest must succumb, Joe B— took down his gun, and resolved to make a last effort to rescue his wife and little ones from a fate the most horrible of which the mind has any conception. All day long had his sunken eyes and shriveled hands explored him in vain for bread—and alas! he knew too well that not within the whole city was there a mouthful to be had, though he were to offer in exchange thrice its weight in gold. Nerved to desperation by this reflection, but still with feeble steps, he took his way to the forest, resolved not to return without relief in some shape.

For a long time he traveled in vain, traversing miles of weary pathway, without so much as seeing a single evidence of animal nature, he was on the point of yielding to despair. At this moment a noise, as of approaching footsteps, arrested his attention, and he paused with every faculty rendered keen by hunger, to listen. Nearer and nearer came the tramping, and just as Joe, to screen himself from observation, took shelter behind a tree, a wild hog emerged from thicket, advancing directly towards him, followed immediately by another and another still. The hunter trembling with anxiety and excitement, raised his gun, but suddenly paused in astonishment at the singular phenomenon before him. The drove, (for drove it was) was approaching him in Indian file, and headed directly for the Bay. The second hog held in his mouth the tail of the first, the third that of the second, and so on to the number of sixty or upwards; each was holding fast to the caudal appendage of his predecessor, and all being led by the foremost of the drove, and he being the only one that could see, was thus conveying his afflicted companions.

The hunter comprehended the scene in a moment, and instantly decided upon his course. Raising his gun deliberately, he fired, and severed the tail of the leader close to the roots. His affrighted leadership, with one loud squeal, bounded into a thicket and disappeared, while his blind companions

came to a dead halt. Joe quickly divested himself of his boots, and crept stealthily up to the first of the band which stood quietly holding in his mouth the amputated tail of his former conductor.

This the hunter seized and commenced gently pulling upon it. First one hog started, then another and another, until soon, like a train of cars all were in motion, and without pausing to rest for a single instant, Joe led them quietly into a huge pen near his residence, where they were soon slaughtered, and the city was saved.

## The Rat-Tail Cactus.

The New York *Leader*, in giving a sketch of the late Mike Walsh, relates of him, when a member of Congress, the following:

At the foot of the Capitol gardens in Pennsylvania Avenue (on the right hand side as you are fronting that building) is an inclosed space—national property—containing one or more tenements and conservatories and hot-houses. Here for some years past and until his death, enjoying Uncle Sam's patronage, sojourned a Frenchman, learned in botany and many other sciences. Some companions, while passing these premises, were venturing his acquirements to Mike, who, from a spirit of contradiction, called them in question. He doubted whether these eminent botanists knew the difference between cats and wheat, and believed, he said, that a Bowery boy could persuade them that corn was clover. Finally, Mike undertook "botanically," to deceive the Frenchman with whatever he could pick up; where they stood, in the lane skirting his premises. From a wreck of flowerpots and rubbish, he selected one round pot and a dead rat lying next the heap. Placing the rat in the flower pot he covered it up with mould, leaving out the tail, which he had fixed up perpendicularly by tying it carefully to small green sticks which happened to be "convenient" amongst the garden rubbish. He next called on the Professor, and told him that a friend, Lieut. — (whose ship having touched at one of the islands of the then *terra incognita* Japan, had excited some interest) had presented him with a curious kind of cactus. This he wished the Professor to examine. No one, Mike said, had been able to make it out, and he might have it for ten years and not find five people who would; so he hardly felt justified in keeping it out of a public collection, and yet he did not like to part with a keepsake from a "friend."

The Professor eagerly repaired to examine the vegetable curiosity. After a close inspection he determined what it was, or at least christened it by a fine Greek name—two words, as Mike said, averaging sixteen letters. The Professor exhausted himself in persuading Mike that the interests of science required that he should sacrifice to them the sentiments of friendship, by surrendering this rare production of the vegetable kingdom to the keeping of the botanist. The reluctant Mike eventually consented, on the willing and solemn assurances of the Professor that it would be tended with the utmost care—and so it was. Placed in a hot house, it was cautiously but carefully besprinkled with water at a temperature of seventy degrees by the thermometer. It was noticed and described in the *National Intelligencer*. The notice was copied into other papers. The plant was exhibited with pride to several eminent individuals. At length with the heat and moisture the tip of the tail began to excoriate. The Professor was delighted—it was budding. It was examined with great interest by one of the chief patrons, "the great Daniel," to whom the Botanist promised one of the first spikes for Marshall. "It was too good a joke to keep," said Mike, "especially in a hot house, so before long they smelt a rat." The wrath and shame of the Professor were excessive, and so was the indignation of the great Daniel, not at the author of the joke, but at the unfortunate Botanist, whom he stigmatized as a "J—d frog-eating Frenchman, through whom he had been taken in, and who ought to have known better."

## Walking.

There is a character in the footsteps. People no more walk alike than they think or act alike. You can almost tell by the fall of the foot on the pavement, whether a man's internal barometer indicates cloud or sunshine. See the man of progress or enterprise—the successful merchant or the lawyer—the same rules that guide his business relations follow his very gait through swarming thoroughfares. He never treads an insecure ground, and his foot is never set down without a sort of firm, steady sense of security. The footsteps of the young beginner in life's pathway is less regular and rapid—he is yet undecided, and hesitates on the threshold of the busy world. The laborer, with paper cap and bespattered raiment, has neither energy nor spirit in his walk; you might as well try to decipher a blank page, as to read character in this. Up and down, up and down, with the same slow, lumbering movement, Patrick looks forward to nothing beyond Saturday night and his black pipe at home! Life has no bright upward revolutions, no better reading away of the soul's visions, for him! How different is the light tripping step of the young girl, that makes music even on the worn and roughened paving-stones—the quick, nervous pace of the mother, hurrying home to her little ones—the weary tread of those who walk within the shadow of death. There is a character in people's footsteps, if one only knows how to read its uninterpreted language.—*Life Illustrated.*

## The Eyes.

An eye can threaten like the loaded gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking, or in its altered mood, by beams of kindness can make the heart dance with joy. The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes up, the vision is fixed, and remains looking at a distance; in enumerating names of persons or countries—as France, Spain, Britain or Germany—the eyes wink at each new name. There is an honesty in the eye, which the mouth does not participate in. "The artist," as Michael Angelo said, "must have his measure in his eye." Eyes are bold as lions—bold, running, leaping. They speak all language; they need no encyclopaedia to aid in the interpretation of their language; they respect neither rank nor fortune, virtue nor sex, but they go through and through you in a moment of time. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk with him, whether your argument hits, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which man tells you he is going to say a good thing, and a look which says when he has said it.

Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many inclinations are avowed by the eye, though the lips dissemble! How often does one come from a company in which it may easily happen he has said nothing; that no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet in his sympathy with the company, he seems not to have a sense of this fact, for a stream of light has been flowing into him and out of him through his eyes.

As soon as men are off their centers their eyes show it. There are eyes to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blue berries. They are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; there are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and eyes full of faith, and some of good and some of sinister intent. The power of eyes to charm down insanity or beast, is a power behind the eyes, that must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be suggested to the organs; but the man at peace or unity with himself, would move through men and nature, commanding all things by the eye alone. The reason men do not obey us is, that they see the mud at the bottom of our eyes.

## Gentility.

There is a dreadfull ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in more vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life to which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable estate to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for a front seat in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in grand frauds committed by men who dare to be honest, but do not dare to seem poor, and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

Mr. Hume hit that remark when he stated in the House of Commons—that his words were followed by "laughter"—that the tone of living in England is altogether too high. Middle class people are too apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of "style" which is most unhealthy in its effect upon society at large. There is an ambition to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather "genteel" men; though the result frequently is only to make them gents. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character, and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young gentry thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned bulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present. Not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all—that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perished in the hurry and scurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

A railroad conductor having insulted a lady passenger, she said, indignantly, that the company which owned that road should not see another cent of her money. "How so?" said the conductor; "how can you manage it?" "Hereafter," replied the lady, "instead of buying a ticket at the office, I shall pay my fare to you."

A gentleman undertook to carve a joint at a dinner party, and went at the work very awkwardly. "You shall not be my joint executor," said his next neighbor.